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Mr. Bishop
With Mr. L. Lewis'
Complete

Presented by Mr. C. Bishop
to
Mary Sophia Lawrence
Sept. 7 1820.

Mary Johnson Lawrence

BT. from Holland Bld
(Cat. 458 | 651)

The Practice of Hester Poems
was a young Attorney accustomed
to specimen eating. - He stabbed him-
self at the house of Mr. Leyton
Lewis, Sluandile on the first
of February 1828.

JULIA ;
OR
THE PILGRIM.

IN TWO CANTOS.

With Other Poems.

— Webb ^{by} —

“ One fatal remembrance, one sorrow that throws
“ Its bleak shade alike o'er our joys and our woes,
“ To which life nothing darker or brighter can bring,
“ For which joy has no balm and affliction no sting ! ”

MOORE'S MELODIES.

LONDON :
GEO. B. WHITTAKER, AVE MARIA LANE.

1825.

"Had you life's history -
Left to death's mystery
Glad to be bound -
Nowhere, anywhere.
Out of the world."



TO

Sir Walter Scott, Bart.

&c. &c.

THESE PAGES ARE INSCRIBED

BY HIS WARM

AND

ENTHUSIASTIC ADMIRER,

THE AUTHOR.

PREFACE.

I THINK that I need not make any apologies to the public at large for intruding myself on their notice.—The following Poems, or whatever they may please to style them, are too inconsiderable to call down the animadversions of criticism.—I have not laboured to write because every one in this poetical age does so, but, because I wished to bring to light the early productions of a very dear friend, whose genius and talents were blighted by an untimely death.—I have added one or two of my own for the sake of completing the volume.—

PREFACE.

One thing I beg to observe—that I have not published for the sake of making money.— Every one must be aware that unless an author is known and accepted throughout the literary world, his productions are not likely to gain even a patient reader.—To the highly gifted and illustrious personage, to whom I have inscribed the following pages, apology is certainly necessary and due.—I have only to hope that he will pardon my presumption, in placing so great a name to such trifles.—To gain the favourable consideration of SIR WALTER SCOTT, will be the highest and most gratifying reward of

THE AUTHOR.

JULIA ;
OR, THE PILGRIM.

CANTO I.

“ The wither'd frame, the ruin'd mind.
“ The wrack by passion left behind,
“ A shrivelled scroll, a scatter'd leaf,
“ Sear'd by the Autumn blast of grief.”

THE GIAOUR.

JULIA ;

Or, the Pilgrim.

I.

WHAT do I see? Lo! o'er a marble Tomb
Leans a light figure, weeping, young and fair—
Her face is morning; yet hath sorrow's gloom
Blended the hues of rival evening there.
Is it a phantom nothing worth? of air?
Ideal? fancy-wrought? inane? but no!
The lines of life shew palpable and clear,
And soft the lips of panting nature glow,
Though tearful eyelids speak the Niobe of woe—

II.

It is the Genius of a Nation weeps
The death of her beloved, and by these stones
Hallowed by sweet remembrances, here keeps
Love's own sad pitying vigils, and bemoans
Over, (all Death has spared her,) a few bones,
Unceasing, pale, dejected, agonized!—
Inestimable relics! tears and groans
Proclaim alike how highly ye were prized,
Whose Dust—one whitening speck, becomes im-
mortalized.

III.

There is a Planet fallen from its Sphere;
A Nation's sighs proclaim the dire Event:
'Tis England sheds her tributary tear,
England who o'er her BYRON'S monument
Suspends her lyre—his scattered dust is blent
With its own parent mass, and we no more
Shall list those lips, which poured forth blandishment,
Nor hear our Minstrel's harpings as of yore,
Whose magic was the theme, the boast of Albion's
shore.

IV.

Yes! he is gone ; alas ! but say not so
He only slumbers—yet unhappy Isle,
That rest shall be unbroken here below,
Which praise, nor blame, nor slander may beguile.
Hushed are those lips ! and Death hath quenched
the smile
So wont to charm us—See, that noble form
Wears the dark habit of the cloistered aisle :
Look on that face unwither'd mid life's storm,
There beauty triumphs still, unblemish'd, uniform.

V.

The Poet with the Hero sleeps at last,
Yet lives he ever in immortal fame ;
That sacred voice which triumphs o'er the past,
Shall teach loved England unallied with shame
To blend her chaplet with her BYRON'S name.
Greece too hangs sorrowing o'er her Champion's Urn ;
But in her Warriors, lo ! a kindling flame
Bursts forth, augmenting from their deep concern,
And whilst they mourn, their breasts with thirst of
glory burn.

VI.

Peace to the dead whose ashes here are laid
To rest in silence, till Antiquity
Question at length to whose illustrious shade
These precious atoms claim affinity—
Perchance shall some worn Pilgrim passing by,
Collect those whitening relicts of decay.
In some rude sculptur'd vase, and with a sigh
Inscribe this simple epitaph, and say,
“ These, these, were Byron's once, but he hath
passed away.”

VII.

The PILGRIM greets his desert home again,
And trusts in peace to terminate his days.—
But on his cheeks there is a deadly stain,
Time shall not bleach, tranquillity erase—
It is the scar of Desolation's blaze
Stamped in the sweat of woe and agony.
His worn emaciated form pourtrays,
His dim glazed eye—his garb of poverty,
His tottering gait, bespeaks the wreck of misery.

VIII.

If not despair ; and yet he lives and breathes
The breath of the contaminated mass,
His fellow creatures. Though his bosom writhes
Even to the pitch of madness, he alas !
Feels to the heart-strings—yet he may not pass
Death's gloomy portals.—Victims numberless
Wither, as withers the untimely grass,
Daily, nay hourly, round him.—Loveliness,
Youth and old age, love, hate, the same dull bier
must press.—

IX.

And I return unto my lowly lay,
Happy to lull my Spirit unto rest
Ere its weak mansion crumble to decay,
Sad food for reptiles of the sod unblest.—
The Coffin creaks—the Grave reveals its breast ;
The torch is flickering by the lonely pyre,
Death whets his fangs to hail the coming feast ;
A dirge rolls solemn o'er the funeral wire,
And nightly orgies greet the flitting, phantom, choir.

X.

“Dust unto dust”—Is it not written so?
“Thy will be done”—accomplished be our doom.
The song of joy shall drown the wail of woe,
And pleasure guard the precincts of the Tomb.
A brighter Sun has risen on our gloom,
A brighter Day shall recompence the past;
Let Death the silken reins of life consume—
No longer let our brows be overcast:
Hark to the rising shout, we triumph at the last.

XI.

Oh what is life that we should court her here,
Or bask in Nature’s smile of loveliness?
Alas! that smile, companion of a tear
Beams but the prelude of its own distress,
And yet for this faint glimpse of happiness,
Men will toil on for ages; still content;
Till in the world’s most intricate wilderness,
Fades the frail Dream’s more fragile lineament,
And in the vain pursuit their pilgrimage is spent.—

XII.

Apart, on some green slope's sequester'd side
Have you not seen in loveliest array
The blushing wild-flower in young Summer's tide
Open its bosom to the coming day ?
A tear—the tribute of the morning grey
Tufts its soft lips by softer beauties riven,
And bathes it for a time ; till the next ray,
Slanting, absorbs the dew-drop passion-driven,
Fanned by the whispering gale, the silvery voice of
Heaven.

XIII.

Again ; and lo ! the unveil'd maiden flower,
Robed in meridian loveliness more bright,
Yields its full charms to that seducing hour—
And sucks the breath of unalloy'd delight.—
Swift fly the moments, when the varying light
Tells in its blended streams of white and red
That Evening strews her Roses for the night ;
And thou fair flower must bend that graceful head
And yield those fragrant leaves to grace the Sovreign's bed.

XIV.

Is it not thus with life ? alas ! we spring
Forth, as the flow'ret steeped in early dew,
Whose sweets, the promise of its blossoming,
Pay their gay homage to the Day-God due.
Fair Childhood quits the stem on which it grew,
To ripen into Youth's luxuriant swell,
When Evening clothes it with her sicklier hue :
At night a deep, reverberating knell
Greets the low, listening winds, and sings Life's long
farewell.

XV.

Angel of Pity ! Scion of a Tear,
Thou who dost listen when the weary weep—
Oh ! by yon palely emanating Sphere
Whose slant beam dances to the billow's leap ;
Let not compassion now for ever sleep
Locked in the bosom, whence its silver leaf
Puts forth its bud of gentleness, nor heap
Despair, where thou may'st mitigate the grief,
But to the stricken soul administer relief.—

XVI.

Sweet are the drops which Beauty's lids distil,
 And fall like dew-gems shaken from fair flowers :
 Sweet is the shaft that wounds yet may not kill ;
 (The shaft of Love in Youth's own radiant bower)—
 Sweet the remembrance of Youth's artless hours,
 When Friendship blushed not at the tale she wove—
 And sweet to whisper, when affliction lowers,
 The voice of comfort to the widowed Dove,
 But sweeter far than all, Heaven's pitying tear of
 Love.

XVII.

And Hope ! fair sapling of immortal growth,
 Hast thou forgot the pleasing power to charm ?
 Dost thou, fair, gentle messenger of truth
 Start at the early footsteps of alarm ?
 Oh fly not yet—but rather haste to arm
 The feeble, e're the foe shall take the field,
 Spread o'er his brows thy ever blooming Palm,
 And in his front the Sacred Ensign wield
 A country's best defence—the Christian warrior's
 shield.—

XVIII.

Yes thou shalt still be mine ! a glorious beam
Rends the thick veil of darkness, and afar
Scatters the dim phantasmas of life's dream
Into their native chaos ! a new Star
Lights us to triumph and to holy war :
Hark to the Heavenly symphony begun !
See the Messiah comes ! Death's icy bar
Shivers, and the dark powers of Evil run,
As lowering Mists dissolve before the approaching
Sun.—

XIX.

He comes indeed ! Redemption is at hand—
Stand to your Posts— the day is ours— they fly ;
Hope is our Captain—who shall then withstand
The matchless force of Hope and Constancy ?—
Wave the white banners to the winds on high ;
Let the broad Sunbeam kiss their bright array—
The mighty Pœan rends the echoing sky—
Creation fades—the Heavens pass away,
And bright robed choirs proclaim the everlasting
day.—

XX.

But I am wandering on a Path divine,
An endless labyrinth intercepts my view,
Where shade and awe and mystery combine,
And clouds on clouds accumulate anew
It is in vain to strive—the sacred clue
Eludes for aye the touch of hands profane —
Shall man the feeble, struggle to undo
The links that bind him to his mortal pain ?
'Tis God's and God's alone to cut the Gordian
chain.—

XXI.

Affection claims the tribute of my song ;
Affection shares the innocent pursuit :
The guileless fingers gently trill along,
And aid the silvery musings of my lute.
Fond flower ! at least thy seed hath taken root
Amid life's dreary wilderness of care ;
Lonely yet lovely, thou shalt still confute
The Slanderer's breath that deems thee insincere,
But whispering greet the good with heavenly pros-
pects near.—

XXII.

Oh Woman ! tis to thee affection clings :
Sweet fountain—source of Happiness below
At thy loved shrine the heart its homage flings,
And breathes the tale of sentimental woe.
If thou wert not ! Oh where the charm, the glow
Of joy or love—with her soft friend desire
Which soothes the weary Spirit in its flow.
Oh ! what were life without this rare attire ?
An Hermitage of care, and Man its lonely Sire.

XXIII.

Yet why does Woman's beauty fade so soon ?
More fleeting than the transitory cloud
That hoists its thin sail to the Summer Moon—
A moment—and Oblivion steals the Shroud—
Ah ! wherefore does the Seraph-smiling croud,
With all its charms thus suddenly decay—
The Young, the Aged, the Lovely, and the Proud
Awake the sound of chearfulness to day ;
To morrow they fall sick—droop—wither fast away !

XXIV.

In Woman's breast, than Parian stone more white,
Inurned the lamp of Virtue burns unseen
In Woman's breast, Elysium of delight,
That fadeless orb hath ever shone serene—
And sure no fairer tenement had been
No lovelier empire for such spotless reign—
"Tis hence our mortal atoms beauty glean ;
"Tis hence the structure tow'r's without a stain ;
"Tis here fond Virtue rears her consecrated Fane.—

XXV.

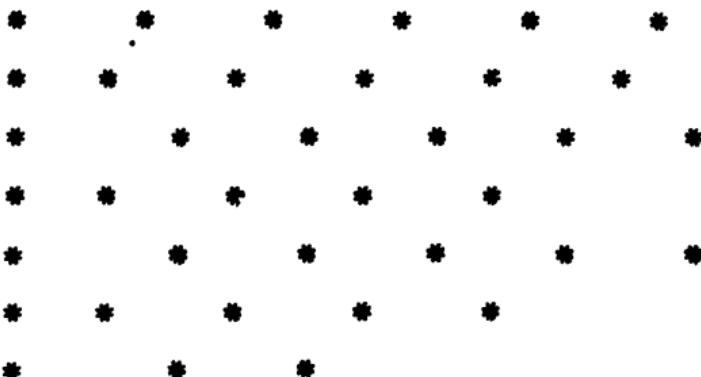
Is it not thus ? or is my fancy straying
Truant from Truth in some romantic vision ?
It may be so—yet fiction still arraying
The mould of Beauty in a garb Elysian
Wills it and stamps with fondness her decision—
So I submit—and to her gentle voice
My Muse acknowledges a due contrition
And bids me draw the Picture and rejoice :
Oh ! be it far from me to wrong her faëry choice.

XXVI.

And yet another and another hue,
The portrait sure can never be too fair,
Though to the Painter's skill much praise accrue,
The subject still deteriorates compare :
Pity that it should be such fragile ware.
But mark the central lamp that burned before
Still burns unchanged ; but its immortal glare
Consumes the vase that held its hallowed store,
Unquench'd, undampt, undimmed, though Beauty
lives no more.

XXVII.

Hence Beauty falls an early sacrifice
To Vice too oft and its concomitants ;



XXVIII.

Oh Woman ! dearest ! blessings be on thee ;—
 How lovely 'tis to blend thee with my life.
 Methinks my feeble stanzas flow more free,
 When oftener warmly, sigh-breathed at thy divine.
 My love hath paid thee attributes divine,
 My heart hath worshipp'd thee beyond love's measure.
 But prayers, and tears, and sacrifice are thine,
 And the full soul will waste its sweetest treasure
 To snatch one glance from thee, one stolen glance of
 pleasure.

XXIX.

It was but now I left my young Muse weeping,
 Yea crowned with cypress leaves and faded posies
 And I have caught the trout maiden sleeping,
 Frail as her Nature, mid a bed of Roses.
 Awake my fair, awake—that blush discloses
 All and enough ! those swollen drops that burn !
 The spot, where Beauty all confess'd reposes,
 Moves me—then let us innocently turn
 The page of Childhood—Youth—nor pass the Pil-
 grim's Urn.

XXX.

Mid the soft hum of murmuring Cascades,
Topped by a Forest's elevated mound,
Whose brow enveloped in eternal shades,
The shock of tempests—ages had embrowned,
Sleeps a lone spot of unsrequent'd ground—
And long forgotten—wasted and apart,
Where silence stalks in gloominess profound :
And scarce companioned, here the Sylvan Hart
Sips the untroubled brook, nor fears the Hunter's
dart.

XXXI.

Deep in a nook of that sequester'd glen
Wreathed in the tresses of its woodland wild,
Retiring' from the glance of foreign ken,
A rustic cottage innocently smiled.
Happy I ween its inmates; sweet and mild
Must be their lives, to tenderness devote.
Here bloomed the musk-rose, and here oft beguiled,
The pensive Nightingale on spray remote,
Poured on the evening breeze her melancholy note.

XXXII.

Its name hath fled ! its memory lost to all ;
Save the sad PILGRIM ; who in gloomier hours
Will oft that scene of Happiness recall—
Ay ! when the bitterness of Fortune lowers,
And robs his reason of her nobler powers ;
Still will he fancy-led in silence gaze
On scenes of lost delight—on those sweet bowers
Whose dear remembrance time cannot erase,
Nor plunge from out his soul in dark oblivion's maze.

XXXIII.

His brain was fire—and oftentimes would he start
At sickly fancy's sicklier phantasies.
The morning's freshness could not charm *his* heart
Nor wake *him* to its odorous extacies :
Still would a fiend before his view arise
And howl into his ears, and grin, and gnash
Its haggard tooth, and roll its bloodshot eyes ;
While round him waves of flame would roar and dash,
Where shrieks and yells resound, and lash re-echoes
lash.

XXXIV.

But when the softer hour of Evening smiled,
 Shedding its balm o'er many a mountain glen,
 Then would he sit all tranquil ; and beguiled
 His weary moments with his fellow men—
 'Twas but an hour of blessedness ; and when
 Some sudden thought flash'd darkly o'er his brain
 Swift would he hasten to his gloomy den,
 And strive that peace of mind once more to gain :
 Loathing the sight of man who brought him all this
 pain.

XXXV.

Here midst fair Nature's loveliest solitudes
 Venanzio and his Rosalie had sought
 That happiness on which no care obtrudes—
 And from their own imaginations caught
 The nameless charm, which in our bosoms wrought
 Can lend its smile to deserts, and impart
 Its witching softness—Ay ! one freshening thought
 Can soothe the troubled pulses of the heart
 And give to darker hours its all-enlightening art.

XXXVI.

And Julia was the Scion of their Love :
Ah ! lovely bud of mutual tenderness,
Fain would my memory still fondly rove
O'er woodland glades thy image seem'd to bless.
Fain would I picture all that sweet excess
Of maiden modesty, which blended still
With fitting pride, became thy loveliness.
And sweet thy gentle voice along the hill—
When murmur'd every brook, and softly sighed each
rill.

XXXVII.

Not far remov'd—perch'd on the haughty crest
Of a rude mountain crag, whose rocky base
Black forest trees and gloomy shades carest,
There stood a tower of *eld* ; here may you trace
Turret and bastion—and in that deep space
Where now the ivy creeps and lichens grey
Sleep o'er the ruins which a warlike race
Had rear'd mid trophies proud and banners gay,
The draw-bridge usher'd forth its panoply'd array.

XXXVIII.

In this stern bulwark of the days gone by,
Cesario, relic of a race, (whose bright
Existence, like a meteor in the Sky,
Flash'd brighter from its swiftness ; bearing light
And splendor, where upon the aching sight
Beam'd its refulgence)—e'er the wide domain
Bore lordly sway—and many a gallant Knight
Here pricked his barbed steed along the Plain
And in the Courtly Joust high honor sough to gain.

XXXIX.

Pause we awhile—mine is a fitful tale
And oftentimes will my young muse wildly stray,
And hoist her thin sail to the summer gale,
And sweetly sleep beneath the noontide ray,
Alas ! I may not fashion visions gay,
But if some ears have listened to my lays
And harkened to this wayward roundelay
With aught of pleasure and with aught of praise,
“ The world will find me after many days.”

XL.

Oh Woman ! with thy much lov'd name again
I close these simple stanzas—and to thee
I dedicate my muse—but if a strain
Of overwrought imagination be
Contained in this fond sigh to memory :
Smile not in scorn—for 'tis thy loveliness
That sends thy Poet to the World, as free
As sporting Zephyr's to the flower's caress,
For I have sunned my heart in thy sweet tenderness.

End of Canto First.

**MISCELLANEOUS POEMS,
ON
SEVERAL OCCASIONS.**

A TEAR TO MEMORY.

I.

The Sun hath sunk ; and silence softly spreads
Her perfume'd pinions, slumbering o'er the deep ;
Hushing the world to rest ; and twilight sheds
A mystic veil encircling glen and steep
Within its dark embraces.---Breezes sweep
Whispering their fairy tales through gardens mild
Where moss-grown rose and clustering woodbine
sleep,
Blushing unseen within recesses wild,
On whose bespangled heads scarce yet two Suns
have smiled.

II.

The Sun hath sunk ; and Hesper's golden Star
Re-opes his tearful eyelids, as the night
Rolls slowly onwards, gathering from afar
Deeper and deeper shadows : vapors light,
Incumbent, wing a dim uncertain flight
By the thin air upborne ; and yonder, view
Just bursting through the trees, serenely bright,
Fair Cynthia dawn from out her palace blue,
To run her silvery course and lovelier scenes renew.

III.

Night waves her magic wand, and nought is heard
Save a low murmuring 'midst the woods remote
Lonely and sad ; it is the summer bird
Tuning anew her sweet inspiring throat
To tell out all her woes ; and well each note
Bespeaks her widowed bosom ; far away
Those gentle sounds more swiftly seem to float,
Moved by the wandering winds which lingering sta
And listen to repeat her lovelorn roundelay.

IV.

Sweet Warbler of the woods ! thy tale is sad,
In melancholy rapture wildly given :
And yet I would not wish to have it glad,
Thus streaming on the midnight air of Heaven :
No ! though thy little heart by sorrow driven
Should nearly sink beneath its load of care,
I scarce could wish it less severely riven
Nor pour forth one short sympathizing prayer,
Or shed one pitying drop to soothe such sweet
despair.

V.

The song has ceased ; for lo ! the solemn hour,
When deepest night maintains her grisly spell,
Has chimed from out yon shade embosom'd tow'r
In slow sepulchral tones which darkly tell
A thousand tales upon their echoing swell ;
Of death and joy and sorrow, strangely bound
Within that iron tongue's mysterious knell
Vibrating on the stillness all around ;
For as each bosom feels, so speaks that heavy sound.

VI.

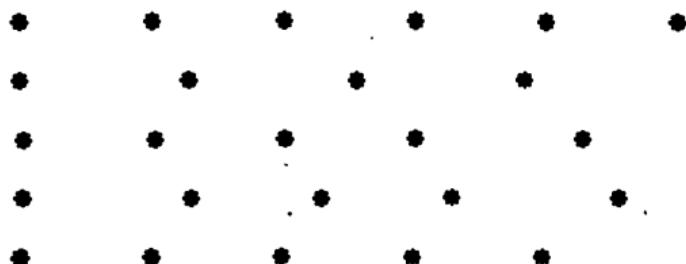
On mine it sinks in sadness ; loud and stern,
And seems to summon me to that dread goal
From whence no weary Pilgrim may return ;
And soon I must depart and soon shall roll
The tide of Freedom o'er my fetter'd soul—
Till then, I still must wander thro' the gloom
Of human ills and feel their dark control,
And pine away beneath an early doom,
Unpitied pine perhaps, unpitied seek the tomb.

VII.

Is there, oh ! is there, e'en a single ray
(In this dark world of misery and woe)
Of light to cheer life's thorn entangled way
Or one brief hour of happiness below ?
Alas I know not—shall I ever know
The joy of Peace, when hope on *Earth* is fled ;
Or taste the sweets of rapture here below
Like dew upon life's early blossoms shed ?
No I shall sorrow still, though e'en the cause be
dead !

VIII.

Yet still I live and live ! and still there springs
A deadlier gloom within my sinking heart—



At this lone hour of wretchedness combined,
The funeral dirge of Hope, the winter of the mind.

IX.

Alas the changes of this mortal life
To me appear a dull unvaried scene ;
With cold consuming sadness only rive,
And all the many cares that intervene ;
And glaring like a Basilisk between
With haggard looks and quick uneven gait
Despair's dread phantom every where is seen
On each pale brow to cloister ; soon or late
Must come our firmest friend inevitable Fate.

X.

Not far from hence, amidst o'erhanging trees
There is a sweet and solitary spot,
Close shelter'd from the Sun and sultry breeze :
And here you might have traced the fairy grot
Of some young Dryad Nymph, though long forgot
Amid the darker ages that had been.
And save that here and there was faintly shot
A ray of light, from out the foliage green,
The place was almost dark, so dim were objects seen.

XI.

'Twas here that I would linger for awhile
To meditate in secret on the past—
A blest retreat, that almost might beguile
E'en sorrow's self, however overcast :
And wake a gleam of comfort at the last
In any heart but mine.—Again, again,
* * * * *
I would in this lone wilderness complain
Yet feel the maddening truth that all my tears were
vain.

XII.

And Day succeeded Day....one after one,
Came and departed....I did see them sink
Impatiently, but ever and anon,
As life decaying slowly link by link
Appeared to bring me closer on the brink
Of Fate's drear home, a gloomy pleasure rose
Within my soul, and I did thirst to drink
Oblivion's hallowed waters of repose
And with one cooling draught to blot out all my
woes.—

XIII.

Thus passed a little space, but ah ! how slow
And tediously the moments seemed to glide ;
Still hanging on, as they would never go
To cast their streams unto the water's wide
Of Time's unseen immeasurable tide.
Whilst nought of Hope illum'd the heavy hours,
Though blushing sweets upsprung on every side ;
Unheeded still the beauty of those flowers,
For I was still alone, and sad the sweetest bowers.

XIV.

And I have left the spot that could not cheer
A heart that shunned its beautiful caress
Without a pang, without a farewell tear,
Without a look of parting tenderness ;
And aye again the bashful wilderness
Smiles in its bloom unknowing of decay :
And hark ! the tale of utter hopelessness,
That there was wont to wear the hours away,
Is told unto the night which erst was heard by day.

XV.

There is methinks a melancholy balm,
That pours its influence on the midnight air ;
Arising from the deep unbroken calm
That reigns despotic in its silence there,
Diffusing wide a fragrance rich and rare :
Such as the Sylvan Nymphs in days of yore
Might joy to taste, whose light and only care
To cull the Garden's perfume-breathing store,
And crown their Fairy Queen who well those chap-
lets wore.

XVI.

"Tis said that at this interval of rest
The dead do wander forth upon the gale,
To hold their darkling revel-rites unblest
With hideous laugh or loud unearthly wail :
And Ghosts are seen with aspects stern and pale,
In flowing shrouds uprising from the earth,
To lead the mystic dance or pass the tale
With fiendish shouts of desolating mirth ;
A ghastly group condemned, that claims Tartarean
birth.

XVII.

How many miles withhold me from the land
Where I did joy in infancy to rove,
By freshening breezes from the ocean fanned,
'Mongst arching rocks, and many a scented grove,
Where flowret here and there a couch had wove ;
With skill untaught save but by nature's voice,
Beneath the shadow of a Mother's love,
Who still was there the teacher of my choice,
And bade my youthful heart with rapture's self re-
joice.

XVIII.

I may not count the fascinating charms
Which virtue sheds o'er that endearing name ;
I may not paint the fondness of those arms
Which nursed my young existence into flame :
The tenderness that ever was the same,
When health's bright sunshine in its zenith shone ;
Or when pale sickness languishingly came :
To soothe the grief of her afflicted one,
And dry the gushing tear, e're half its course was
run.

XIX.

Perchance my Mother rests beneath the shade,
In this calm season of the summer moon ;
Perchance e'er now her gentle head is laid
(To reap the joys of sleep's delicious boon)
Light pressing on her pillow.—Brightly soon
The sun shall break from out the circling haze ;
And all the beauties of the blue-eyed June
Shall burst from out the universal blaze
And all again be fair beneath those genial rays.

XX.

Sleep softly then my Mother at this hour ;
Bright fountain of my love securely sleep,
Whilst darkness holds its visionary pow'r :
And o'er thy gentle slumbers, long and deep,
May guardian angels thy sweet vigils keep ;
Soothing with tender care, life's turbid streams :
And on thine eyelids tears of rapture weep,
And Heaven diffuse its sympathising beams
Soft rolling o'er thy soul its bright Elysian dreams.

XXI.

And oh ! ye winds, that wander thro' the waste,
Distilling sweets of Eastern origin :
Fly to my peaceful home, in pity haste,
Ere yet of life's awakening scenes the din,
In all its mornaing revelry begin ;
Where spotless virtue sleeps in softest guise :
Whilst nought disturbs the quiet from within ;
And all is still beneath the cloudless skies,
This tender message bear through twilight's dim
disguise.

XXII.

Tell her, oh ! tell her with what fond regret
I pressed her to my bosom's last embrace :
And Lara, Lara, never will forget
The tenderness that kindled in her face,
Beyond expression's eloquence to trace,
When heart met heart within its warm caress.
Nor time nor absence ever may deface
Her image from my soul, for scarce I guess
That Death, that Death itself can change such Love's
excess.

XXIII.

My Father too ! oh spread your fragrant wings,
And on his tranquil slumbers gently fall,
And whispering low a thousand tender things,
In soothing accents sweetly musical,
The brightest hours of Happiness recall
From recollection's legendary store :
And may no evil Destiny befall
His breast, but where sweet peace is wanting, pour
Its fairest, fondest beams more lovely than before.

XXIV.

Dearest of all the world ! my prayer shall be
From day to day—nor have I been remiss—
And may the warmth of my sincerity,
Plead in my cause, if I have done amiss,
That Heaven's choicest radiance of bliss
May gild each moment with a brighter cast,
(If joy there be in such a world as this)
And the fair present recompense the past,
And each succeeding year prove happier than the
last.

XXV.

Aye ! and ye shall be blest ! if my poor prayers
Have aught of weight or influence above :
And blest shall be your future coming years
In all the mutual tenderness of love.
That cannot die, but deeply interwove
Within each heart (the sweetest of our flowers)
Shall soar triumphant like the constant Dove
Of Peace, and when Affliction sadly lowers
The olive branch still bear, amidst Life's darkest
hours.—

XXVI.

And ye shall be my light (if light be left)
 To guide me through the dangers I must pass
 Lost as I am, of every hope bereft,
 Till Life shall fade away, like as the grass
 Withers, when gathered from its parent mass,
 And dies beneath the Sun-beams parched and curled ;
 So shall I sink decaying ; yet alas !
 Though tempests all around are thickly hurled,
 My heart shall still be yours, untainted by the world.

XXVII.

Day is at hand ! the night is nearly spent,
 And Cynthia wanes, that late so brightly shone
 Hesper has vanished quite : each blandishment,
 That smiled amidst the darkness, one by one
 Grows fainter—feebler—struggles—and is gone !
 Yes they are all departed—I must go
 Again unto my couch, ere yet the morn
 Shine in its full born glory, and bestow
 New life to all mankind.—To sleep perchance ?—

Ah no.

XXVIII.

Farewell sweet Night! alas we only part
To meet again in grieving beyond measure—
To thee alone the sadness of my heart
Is poured, (and occupies my hours of leisure,)
Which now is dead to every burst of pleasure.
Again alone, fair partner of my sorrow,
And from thy hoards of peace and golden treasure
Oh that I might—but no!—I may not borrow
One little spark of Hope to gild the coming morrow.

MINOR POEMS.

EVENING.**1.**

The sun beams were fading in gentle confusion
And softly reclined on the watery plain
Where their beauties lay scatter'd in varied profusion
Now shining profusely, then faintly again.

2.

Ah ! wherefore such hue with its sweet agitation
That lights up those rays with a lovelier glow ?
Oh say is it envy or fond adoration,
From whence these fair blushes expressively flow ?

3.

"Tis the deep die of Friendship thus radiantly streaming
Which the Day-God of Summer just sinking to rest,
Pours forth on the earth in his majesty, beaming
Adieu to the world, in the arms of the west.

4.

I heard a soft melody, plaintively stealing
Distill'd by the breezes with perfumes above,
Like the first dawn of passion in Woman appealing,
In silver-toned vows to the altar of Love.

5.

'Twas the voice of the Evening, pensively sighing,
The loss of the sun from her scent-bearing bed ;
For her fragrance was wasting, her beauties were dying
As the shadows of night gather'd over her head.

6.

I felt a cool moisture the light air pervading,
When the music had melted away on my ears ;
It was Evening the grief of her bosom unlading
As she sadly dissolved in a shower of tears.

LINES ON THE BURIAL OF A POOR GIRL.**I.**

They bore her to her cold and *shallow* grave
Amidst a train of Scoffers—silently
I mark'd the death Bell sweep along the wave,
And sink dissolved by distance in a sigh.

2.

The Evening shone all lovely ; thro' the trees,
A melancholy Music softly ran
Filling the space with perfumes—'twas the breeze,
Lamenting o'er the destiny of man.

3.

Solemn their pace—Hypocisy their guide
 As through the echoing aisle they slowly tread,
 Striving beneath a pious look to hide
 Their scarce suppressed derision from their God.

4.

Poor desolate girl ! how soon thy sun hath set
 Deep in the clouds by tempests early driven ;
 Lonely and sad, thy days with tears were wet
 Till thy fair Spirit sought its native Heaven.—

5.

They laid her in the Earth—again on high
 The death-bell pealed ! I saw a sudden fear
 Spread e'er their features pale, but not an eye
 Paid her the silent tribute of a tear !

6.

Methought that on that last departing knell
 I heard a voice in silvery tones prolong
 A requiem to her soul, and whispering tell
 Of joys that to a future state belong.

7.

They closed the tomb upon her, as she lay
In pallid stillness, and with cautious breath
They motioned to depart in haste away,
And there they left her to repose—in Death.

8.

I wept, but not in sorrow, for I thought
When the drear grave enclosed its peaceful guest,
An Heavenly Host descending, fondly caught
And bore the gentle maiden to her rest,

**LINES COMPOSED IN DAWLISH CHURCH-YARD,
DEVON—AT MIDNIGHT.**

I.

Here let me pause a moment; whilst the Moon
Sweet Night's fair Sister, now so blushingly
Opens her bosom to the soft wind, strewn
With scented treasure and wild melody :
And silver Stars beaming, her Temple nigh,
Like nuptial torches at the wedding time,
People the azure meadows of the Sky
Whose circling orbs more sweetly seem to chime
To blend their young Queen's praise attuned with
Spheric rhyme.

II.

This is a cold and melancholy spot
That sadly grasps within its greedy span
A thousand charms perchance now long forgot.
And here the sympathizing mind may scan
Those simple Epitaphs bestowed on Man,
Which shew how deadly our first parents doom
Entailed misfortune, gathering as it ran,
And cast around our narrow life a gloom,
Which damps our joys on Earth and follows to the
Tomb.

III.

For though a beam of sunshine may diffuse
A brightening prospect for a single day ;
Another comes as quickly to abuse
The confidence we rested in its ray,
And hearts are cold and mould'ring into clay,
Which once with love and virtue proudly glowed,
Too soon from Friendship's bosom snatched away
To Death's unhallowed, darkly drear abode,
For whose untimely fate a sea of tears hath flowed.

IV.

Stay ! let me read : a Female's tomb is here,
With stones the whitest, purest, simply laid;
As if those stones themselves had nestled there,
And sought retirement beneath the shade
Of spreading elm trees, which an arch had made
To shelter that dear spot so sad and wild
Where a fond Father's footsteps oft have strayed.
Weep, weep, old Man of every joy despoil'd ;
Flower of thine hope on Earth ! here rests thy only
child.

V.

Full many a wreath hath deck'd her lonely grave :
And many a tear by Friendship fondly given,
Hath told her loss, alas ! too late to save
That life from Earth by bitter sickness driv'n
To seek unfading Peace and rest in Heav'n
And she was of the loveliest ; and when fell
The curtain of young life so early riv'n,
And Pity told her last and solemn knell,
Hush'd was the voice of mirth and pleasure bade
farewell.

VI.

And thus it is ! the fairest flowers, that twine
Around loved nature's ruby studded zone
Their fragrant fingers ; innocently shine
To day in love—to morrow are they gone ?
And is she weeping by herself alone ?
How sad the scene ! yet aye how sweet the past !
Alone perpetuates their place a stone ;
When " Dust to dust " o'er our repose is cast
For death will surely come and seize his prey at last.

THE VICTIM OF MISERY.**1.**

Daughter of Poverty ! wasted with misery,
Famished and spent dost thou wander forlorn ;
No friend to pity thee, no home to shelter thee
Gloomy thy days and the days that are gone.

2.

Dark is thine history, clouded with mystery,
Weary of life so deserted and drear :
Rayless thy path shall be, cheerless thine heart shall
be,
Troubled and care-worn thy pilgrimage here.

3.

Dim are thine heavy eyes, sunken their lastre lies ;
Matted and soiled thy thick tresses appear :
Pale are thine hollow cheeks thro' which affliction
speaks
Volumes of sorrow too poignant to bear.

4.

Child, by Despondency nurtur'd from Infancy !
Come and repose in my bosom thy grief :
Hard though thy fate may be, marked by calamity,
Can I not give thee some timely relief.

5.

Hoarse howls the rising blast, nigh spreads her curtain fast,
Loudly the Storm-Spirit shrieks in the West :
Here shalt thou softly sleep ; Angels their watch
shall keep
Pillowed in safety, from danger at rest.

6.

Haste then to come to me, Child of Adversity;
Stay not, but fly in my bosom to dwell:
Brightly our days shall glide, in sweetest union tied;
Haste thee to rest, and bid sorrow farewell.

7.

She comes not! she speaks not! oh Daughter, sweet
Daughter!
Nay answer me dearest, I pray thee again.
Oh! see, she sinks shivering, livid and quivering,
Alas my fond prayers! they are echoed in vain.

THE PRIDE OF GLANRAFON.**1.**

Weep maid of Glanrafon ! thy false love is straying,
Regardless of thee to some happier shrine ;
Where softly and gaily, his vows he is paying,
Whilst thou art condemned in thy Beauty pine.

2.

Oh ! sad is thy fate, and forsaken, and dreary,
Thy days will pass heavily shrouded in gloom :
Till worn with affliction, heart broken and weary,
Thy fair frame shall sleep in a premature tomb.

1.

Sweet Maiden ! how oft when the moon beams were
glowing

I've mark'd thee to wander in sorrow alone
On Towy's fair banks, when the bright waters flowing
In sympathy seemed to re-echo thy moan.

How oft in the night when the lightnings were
glancing

And loudly the thunder rolled clattering along,
I have seen thee all pale and dishevell'd advancing
To burden the winds with thy desolate song.

There's a spot steep and lonely by trees darkly shaded
To which thy fond footsteps would frequently stray,
Where nodding with age and with Ivy thick braided
Dark Dynevor's dungeons in dampness decay.

It was here once in Summer, on wild flow'r's reposing
Soft fanned by the breezes which languidly sighed
"A farewell to Peace" when thy Lover disclosing
His passion, first woe'd thee with tears as his bride.

And sweet was that spot: when in smiles and
delighted,

Young love timed the hours; but soon in dismay
Dropped a tear of regret when those false vows were
plighted,

Then shook his bright wings and fled sadly away!

He fled! and alas! as the fair Vision vanished
Hope withering sank, and the Phantom Despair
Uprose from the ruins of Happiness banished
And fixed his dread station in loneliness there.

THE DREAM OF A MANIAC**WRITTEN AT THE AGE OF SEVENTEEN.****I.**

Methought I stood upon the verge of Hell,
And gazed in silence on that gulph below,
Whose depths unlimited, unpitying, tell
A dismal tale of horror and of woe,
Replete with guilt and crime, whence darkly flow
From out the flood-gates of eternal fire
Ten thousand thunders, scattering as they go,
Oceans of blood, and brimstone flaming dire,
And sad unearthly cries of torture—grief—desire !

2.

And still I gazed transfixed with deadly fear
And fascination—here perpetual night
Reigned with a noisome darkness, far and near,
Which the blue, sulphurous, unhallowed light
Rendered more dark, and blackening seemed to blight
That very chaos ; thrilling thro' the soul
Hush'd all humanity, and scared the shrinking sight,
With seared and shatter'd form, and hideous dole,
While hissings, lightnings, shrieks in one dread cho-
rus roll.

3.

Then on a sudden from the dark abyss
Issued a deepening murmur of despair ;
Could the last trump more fearful be than this ?
It could not ! living death was mingled there ;
And higher, higher with portentous glare
Rushed the red ocean on ; and to my view
The fiery billows seemed as though they were
Each, freighted with a soul ; a ghastly hue
Sate on each grisly face and mark'd the Hell-born
crew.

4.

They sank ; and then methought a sullen sound
Reverberating hollowly, (where stood
My trembling feet,) incarcerated, wound
'Mongst caverns like the bursting mountain flood
And said, in hideous laughter, half subdued
That fell like bolts of thunder on mine ears :
" Behold thy fate, now in thy savage mood "
" In this thy certain Destiny appears "
" And thou shalt be our own within a few short
years."

5.

A silence follow'd—yet that silence seem'd
More horrible than those mysterious things
Which had been utter'd, and again there stream'd
Flashes of poison'd light which fell like stings
Upon my fainting soul's dark visionings.
When lo ! a Voice sepulchral seem'd to say,
Mingled with fiendish shouts and revellings,
" Thine hour is come ! thy last ! away ; away ! "
I shriek'd aloud ; awoke—the vision passed—'twas
day.

**THE DIRGE; OR,
A LAMENT ON BEAUTY PASSED AWAY.**

Hail Night ! thou sweet and melancholy hour !
Amidst thy tempest witcheries, bedight
In all that pomp and elemental pow'r
That bursts triumphing on a stormy night ;
And visions wander on my aching sight ;
Troubled and sad, they tell me of the grave,
That sordid shroud of Beauty's hallowed light,
And a fair flower that nature could not save
From Death's destroying hand, and Time's unpitying
wave.

And in a dark recess, methinks I see
Within its gloom a gloomier shadow pent;
It is not of the brain a phantasy,
For I can trace the form and lineament
Of features, that have lost their blandishment
Through deep excess of grief; with tresses wild,
Cloth'd in Despair's morose habiliment,
Of every hope of Happiness despoil'd,
A frantic Mother sits lamenting o'er her child.

Weep on! to thee no brighter hour remains,
No after joy to soothe thee or to cheer;
And though *two others* share thy kindred veins
Yet will life still a wilderness appear,
With nought of comfort left, and tear on tear
Shall follow close, but never can recall
Her sainted Spirit whom you lov'd so dear,
On whose pale corse now rests the dusky pall,
For Ellen was to thee the fairest flower of all.

Hushed are those beauteous lips that once had mov'd
More sweetly than the streamlet's murmuring sound,
Whose harshest syllables were form'd of love
And on each heart involuntary wound :
And still that gentle breast ; so wont to bound
With youthful energy's elastic swell ;
Sad is the scene, and tears are shed around,
And sobs whose echoes scarcely bid farewell
When comes the heavy task to ring her parting knell.

And Ellen sleeps within the dreary tomb
Deeply and darkly pillow'd in her rest ;
And though the depth of the surrounding gloom
May veil the beauties of its fairer guest,
Yet is she lovely still.—No cares infest
Her peaceful bosom now ; but she is gone
To dwell with angels in her MAKER's breast :
A flowret from its stem too early torn,
Sweetest of Nature's buds, a Rose without a thorn.

Yes she is gone ! Alas ! the young and fair
Fade with the old, all equal in decay :
But might not Death have spared a gem so rare,
To blossom on the Earth another day,
Ere yet he bore his precious charge away ?
Oh Ellen—Ellen—when I fared thee well,*
I knew not that a bosom then so gay
Thus soon would slumber, and its gentle swell
Be hush'd in silent Death, that Death alone could
quell.

The Rose has wither'd, and its soft excess
Of perfumed Beauty, that so brightly beam'd
Amidst the garden's varied loveliness,
Has lost its fragrance, when I scarce had deem'd
That it had burst its dew-bud ; for it seem'd
But young—and has it perished in its leaf ?
Too sure it has.—The radiance that gleam'd
And darted through its sweetness, was but brief,
And fading left behind a wilderness of grief.

I saw a Lily—'twas of all the plain
The fairest and the sweetest—and its lip
Was tufted with a dew-drop, which the rain
Of Evening's mild tear, had left to dip
Its virgin bosom, where it seemed to slip,
Half melting, down ; and now a busy band
Of Bees had gather'd round, prepared to sip
The nectar'd kisses from its beauty bland—
When lo ! a sudden storm—'tis number'd with the
sand !!

And thus has Ellen perished in her prime,
When Beauty smil'd in innocence and joy—
Her Spirit wanders in another clime,
Where Hope is Peace and pleasures never cloy,
And human ills may work her no annoy :
And there she dwells where Virtue truly goes
And glory reigns untainted by alloy ;
For God shall calm the anguish of her woes
And hush her single heart beneath a long reposc.—

Poor, hapless Mother ! days and months and years
Shall come, depart, return--but to thy heart,
Consumed with watchings and with silent fears,
There comes no ray of Hope that may impart
Its healing balm to mitigate the smart
That Death hath planted in its bitter hate,
And never may the strength of human art
Remove that sting--but all is desolate
When once is writ oar doom within the book of
Fate. ‡

And have I nought for thee, heart broken one !
To soothe thy wild and agonizing woe
Beside the deep despair I may not shun
But with each moment seems more dark to grow
Step after step with measur'd pace and slow ?
And to thy bosom that hath lov'd so true
No little word of comfort to bestow ?
No tender tribute to compassion due ?
Yes ! I have yet a tear and that shall flow for you.

It is the latest token I may give,
The last sad pledge of Pity's fond regret
That I have still remaining, for I live
Beneath my own consuming sorrows wet,
But never may I that sweet time forget
When first I saw thine Ellen. Softly tell,
Oh tell me weary mourner, may I yet
Preserve that tear, a requiem-breathing spell
To drop it on the tomb of her you lov'd so well.

And this is life ! is life ! The very breath
Of all our hopes and follies here on Earth,
To which we spring in ecstasy—but Death
Rises beneath the fiction—in its birth
Coëval with our own—to day is mirth
The Captain of our joy's festivity
To morrow we are gone—a gloomy dearth
Alone is glaring from each haggard eye
That speaks of Beauty—Youth—too soon condemn'd
to die.

Such is the world ! some say that pleasures find
A sweet asylum here—'tis false ! and shews
The emptiness and folly of mankind
Who in a sunny moment of repose,
Thinks himself happy ; such indeed are those
That reckless of the past or future pain,
Upon their own credulity impose
By raising empty visions of the brain
Which only burst to life to prove that they are vain !

Thus Life is death ! for life that yesterday
Put forth its little bud in Beauty's mould
To day half opens ; and men fondly say,
"A lovely flower shall presently unfold."
To morrow comes, and wither'd, pale and cold
Stretch'd on the spot from whence so late it sprung
Lies Beauty low—a simple tale is told
Carved on a stone above it sadly flung
" Oh ! might not Death have spared a plant so fair
and young !! "

Ah me ! there comes into my dreaming soul
Now as I write, a bright and sudden flash ;
And dark oblivion's shadows seem to roll
Passing away before the bitter lash
Of recollection, that re-opes a gash
Which time had nearly heal'd.—But Death, who gave
The cureless wound and desolating crash
Of hopes now darkly center'd in the grave,
Hath burst the brazen chain, that bound me else his
slave.

Too well I recollect in days gone by
Amid the blossomings of early youth,
(Ah why do days like these so swiftly fly ?)
I had a Sister ! oh she was in sooth
A lovely girl—and on her forehead Truth
Sat pencil'd in the fairest lines of light
That sweetness ever wore ; and no uncouth
Or darker passion shed a moment's blight
O'er Beauty's golden Throne where Virtue shone
most bright.

And——was at home the boast and pride
Amongst her gentle Sisters—for they pressed
The palm on her, when all were fair beside
The young the lovely, blessing and caressed
And in her bosom whom they lov'd the best,
They joy'd to rear affection's tender tree,
And soon it budded in her Virgin breast
As in a garden bright, and verdantly,
Amidst its thousand charms, as fair as fair might
be.—

So——grew, and softer infancy
Had passed to sweeter childhood, and there came
Gently across her dark bewitching eye
A far more eloquently kindling flame;
Then childhood vanished, and a dearer name
Gilded her opening Beauty, and there stole
All languishingly o'er her tender frame
That sentimental loftiness of soul
Which tells of Virtue, Truth, beyond the world's
control.—

“ She walked in Beauty ” and her lovely face
Beam’d with the charms within, e’en as it were
An index of her passions which gave place
To modesty, and that endearing air
Of tenderness and love * (and free from care)
Which is the boast of Woman ; and she smiled
Beautifully, and *then* appeared more fair ;
E’en such a smile had Stoic’s heart beguiled,
And turn’d to Paradise the most unlovely wild.—

Oh ! wherefore was a form so beautiful,
So fragile, and so sweet, thus early doom’d
To perish when its golden leaf was full
Of all that ever human life illum’d ?
And Innocence that so serenely bloom’d,
Ah ! wherefore thus so quickly torn away ?
Might not its beauties still have been entombed
At some more distant and less sunny day ?
Ere yet in grisly death was quench’d its soft array.

Death linger'd in that transitory smile
Rejoicing sullenly ; he only kept
A gloomy silence for a little while,
And people almost fancied he had slept !
(Would that it had been so)—but no ! he crept
Slowly but surely thro' the azure veins
Which branching o'er her marble forehead, leapt ;
And winding down those short and narrow lanes
Of life, into her heart ; there broke its slender chains.

It chanced upon a lone and luckless hour,
When Summer, in his rosate garb arrayed,
On each young peeping bud and opening flow'r
Had pressed his ruby lips, and gladness laid
Her head upon his bosom, and repaid
With sweet caresses all the tender care
That he had lavished on her ; and she bade
Him think on her and smile : and could Despair
Lurk in that soft—soft smile—a smile so passing
rare ?

Then Charlotte left her home ; and her heart beat
High with the hopes of pleasure—she did rove
With a few gentle girls, almost as sweet
E'en as herself—fair as the woodland dove,
Her soul all ecstasy—her bosom—Love !—
Not far they wander'd, for they only sought
Pleasure, through many a dark and shady grove—
Oh ! pleasure, pleasure ! thou art dearly bought,
And we who love thee so, are e'en as thou art,—
nought !!

On——banks, is many a grassy nook
By flowers of hyacinthine verdure crown'd ;
Through——woods, flow's many a silver brook
Meandering 'midst their gloominess profound—
And here the lovely wanderers had found
Their pleasant pastime, here amongst the trees
As each heart answer'd to its sister's bound,
They talked and smiled (how innocence can please)
Or heard low melting sounds distilled thro' summer's
breeze.

The evening brought them home, amidst her white
And crimson drapery ; and sweetly shone
From out the trellise of her lattice bright,
On forms as fair as love might gaze upon,
On eyes as dark as oriental Sun
E'er kindled with his soul-inspiring rays—
What more ? their joy-spent pilgrimage was done,
And Charlotte spoke of many happy days
Like these to come !—to pass ! midst pleasure's cir-
cling maze.

Night came—and soon upon her peaceful pillow
Sleep drew its magic, variegated blind—
But Death had hung a branch of weeping willow
Over her slumbers, and the weary wind
Chaunted a solemn dirge, where youth reclin'd
Unconscious that pale Destiny had hung
A wreath of cypress o'er her head—her mind
Was wrapt in seraph dreams : and Angels flung
Unfading, blissful gifts her virgin thoughts among.

When morning came how changed ! her cheek was
pale

And her lips quiver'd, and her late bright eyes
Had lost their lustre ; and the rising gale
Bore on its bosom quick and painful sighs,
Struggling with Death—the undulating rise
And swell within her breast seem'd heav'd in pain,
That breast with joy so wont to sympathise
Was troubled, sadly striving to regain
Its purest, sweetest flow of rapture once again.—

Thus passed a few short hours, and still she grew
Worse, and then suddenly a fever'd glow
Spread its thin, hectic, and transparent hue
Over her pallid features—and a slow,
Uneven motion, stir'd the gentle flow
Of Life's best streams—and then oh ! God ! the blood,
That fount of our existence here below,
Burst from its tender bounds, a crimson flood,
That drain'd Life's very self, and might not be with-
stood.

Sad was the scene of Death—a dizzy gloom,
Scaring each fond and trembling bosom there,
Hung like a pall its darkness o'er the room
And turn'd the look of sorrow to despair—
Then many a heart was rent, and many a tear
Flow'd for the happy Maiden's lot, and fell
Watering the bed of death—her pale lips were
Thrice ope'd, but utterance fail'd beneath the swell
Of blood that choked the deep-drawn, dying sigh
“Farewell.”—

Again she strove—in vain ! again—but Death
Pressed heavy on her frame ; the precious dew
Yet linger'd in her eye—and her sweet breath
Was check'd by frequent flutterings—the blue
Show'd dimly in the veins it glided through
And seem'd decreasing fast—Oh never, never
Was such a parting seen ; her Spirit flew
Gently away—and now her lips dissever
A moment—meet,—then part—then close for ever !

Adieu angelic girl ! thy Brother weeps
Warm tears upon thy brief but happy lot,
For though thy corse in cold oblivion sleeps
Yet may thy sweetness never be forgot ;
Ev'n time amidst its ruins cannot blot
The page of memory to me so dear—
Affection pleads ; and when I love thee not
(Thine image) may my last and funeral bier
Unpitied pass away—unwater'd by a tear !

SONG OF THE FIENDS.
—

Let us sing in the night, of the dead midnight,
When the tempest rolls over the billow ;
Let us sing whilst the day is yet far away,
Ere we sink on our fiery pillow.

The ill-omend bird already is heard
O'er the Sepulchre's dreariness shrieking ;
And hark, and hark to the Bandog's bark
In the distance at intervals breaking.

The Sun is gone, and we are alone,
The corpse lights of murder are telling ;
And the lightnings flash, and the murderous dash
Of thunder, is round us yelling.

Let the blood be spilt ; and the glittering hilt
Drink deep in the bosom of sorrow ;
We must hasten to our home, through the sulphur's
blue foam,
Ere the Sun lights the dawn of to-morrow.

CHORUS.

Pledge the bumper in blood, and the blistering flood,
Destruction's lethiferous river ;
Let us breathe to the last, in each poisonous blast,
Proud defiance to Virtue for ever.—

Stern Brothers of Death, on this sterilius heath,
Let us wallow where Hemlock is strewing ;
Oh ! rejoice when on Man our first triumphs began
And we left him alone in his ruin !

Hell laughed at the sight, when in horrid affright
Mankind from his guilty seduction
Shrank back in despair, for his fate hover'd near ;
Ah ! sweet was that day of destruction.

Triumphant, our brows let us circle with boughs,
The yew with the cypress entwining ;
Let the fire breathing brand, in each desolate hand,
For ever and ever be shining.

The night breeze is hot, and a cankered rot
Through the yellow scull's fissures is creeping ;
Fleshy fragments are strewn with many a bone
Where the black toad is sullenly sleeping.

CHORUS.

Pledge the bumper in blood, and the blistering flood,
Destruction's lethiferous river ;
Let us breathe to the last, in each poisonous blast,
Proud defiance to Virtue for ever.—

LINES WRITTEN ON VISITING KENILWORTH,

1822.

There is a joy unknown to vulgar eyne,
To trace the wreck of ages past away ;
While Memory sheds a ray where time hath been
And leaves that spot more lovely in decay.

And such I've known, when thro' thy moss clad walls
Fair Kenilworth in pensive mood I trod ;
The Sun's last ray beam'd on thy mouldering Halls
And mark'd thy Shades of Spirits the abode.

**And here was young-eyed Beauty wont to rove
Whiling its little hour of life in smiles ;
In rapture listen'd to the tale of love,
Or aught that melancholy care beguiles.**

**Hark to the voice which from yon lonely tower
Pours forth its plaintive note upon the gale—
Thrilling the soul with sadness at this hour,
It seems departed greatness to bewail.**

**Sure, tis the Spirit of the days gone by !
That thus midst column'd ruins loves to moan ;
Hallowing the cloister'd aisle and turret high,
In each grey arch she claims a kindred home.**

ON A TEAR.

Sweet emblem of love ! in thy beautiful beam
Young Passion and Pity alternately blending
Their gentle Elysium of sympathy, seem
For the heart's precious guardianship fondly con-
tending.

Then mingle no more in such amiable strife,
Nor longer in rivalry vie with each other ;
But charming each softer enjoyment of life,
In Love's sweetest union sparkle together.

THE NIGHT-SCENTED STOCK.

It was a charming little Flower,
The fairest Queen of the twilight hour ;
And she lifts her tiny veil on high
As she fixes her look on the Evening Sky—
And watches the hours as they slowly roll
Till her bridegroom Night o'ershadows the pole.
With a beating heart and a beaming eye
She hails his approach with one fragrant sigh—
And though she droop'd for his presence sweet
Beneath the noontide ray,
Yet with perfum'd breath she will haste to meet
Her lover by twilight grey.

ON A BEAUTIFUL GIRL,
WHO DIED OF CONSUMPTION AT D—H, 1823.

I saw her in her loveliness, and mark'd
The beatous emanations of her soul
Beam on her azure cheek and through her eyes—
And yet it was the Beauty of the Tomb—
And like that specious covering of our woes
Concealed the earth worm that did lurk therein—
All fair without: within how desolate !
Another week—her form had suffer'd change—
Yet still a smiling Seraph seem'd to linger
Over her placid brow, as if it lov'd
Its resting place, and fain would harbour there.

There was a settled calmness in her eye
Which now, no longer fixed on Earth, was lift
Up to that Heaven where oft had turn'd her thoughts,
Another—and another—she is gone !
Back to her native Heaven she has wing'd
Her flight to join those kindred Spirits there—
She was too pure, too bright to be enthralled
By fetters of this sordid mass of clay—
And so she died ! thus perish all our hopes—
“ Whom the Gods love die young : ” and she had
known
But few short Summers ; now she is at rest !
At the still hour of midnight I had passed
The house where yet her mortal frame was laid—
That half-op'd window silverd by the moon
Proclaims the loss of all we hold most dear,
Youth, Beauty, and unsullied Innocence ;
I wept—the world may laugh—I say I wept.
Aye ! in the death of one so beautiful,
So young, the heart may burst its feeble bounds
And deluge us with our own source of life—
But the sad tear—the diamond of the heart

And hid like diamonds in a costly frame—
Will ever flow, and sanctify their cause,
He must be flint, and worse than adamant,
Who loveth not the kindly rush of Nature—
Nor hails its coming with at least—a Sigh.
In yonder Church soon will they lay her head :
Perhaps her Friends may sorrow for a while
And then they will forget—

But that mild face
So full of soft expression, and so bland,
Shall linger in the tablets of my heart
And find a refuge till we meet in Heaven.—

THE HONEY-SUCKLE.

Say would ye know the honey-suckle's tale ?
They were a family who died of Love ;
And still within their inmost cells they bear
(Once a true heart and tender) one small drop,
Sweet as the honey which the busy bee
Bears on his saffron thigh ; that drop is love,
Pure without sophistry ; such as whilome graced
The golden age of Jove's benignant Sire :
And that they were lovely in their unity
The pitying Gods have placed them on one stem,
And given them squadrons to protect their realms
Against their enemy the busy fly.
These you may see around the citadel
Brandish their mimic swords into the air,
While o'er them towers the emerald standard high.

N O T E S.

Note 1, page 66, line 6.

Oh Ellen—Ellen—when I fared thee well.

Written on leaving ————— for Oxford.

Note 2, page 68, line 9,

When once is writ our doom within the book of fate.

I here speak of the sad survivors, who in fact are the real victims. For the dead, we cannot but regret those who have quitted this vale of sorrow, for the brightness of a heavenly kingdom, at the same time we may be certain, that were the choice offered the spirits of the just, of returning to this world, their own wishes would raise a barrier, except such a permission were restricted to an immaterial appearance, which I cannot think improbable.

"Death is like Thunder in two
particulars; we are alarmed at
the sound of it; and it is formidable
only from that which preceded it."

Colton.



